

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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PORTSMOUTH, N. H., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1899.

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For this week and next we shall present to each customer
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Dressing and Paste.

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS AND BONNETS

SELLING UNDER COST.

2 MARKET SQUARE.

CHIEF ENGINEER HARRIS, U. S. N., HERE.

He Will Relieve Chief Engineer
Buehler Today.

Chief Engineer William H. Harris, U. S. N., who relieves Chief Engineer Buehler, U. S. N., as head of the department of steam engineering at this navy yard, arrived in town on the Flying Yankee on Tuesday evening from Bath, Me.

Chief Harris is one of the best known men in the service and comes to this station with the highest endorsement from officials in Washington.

Chief Buehler will complete his duties at noon and will introduce his successor to the foremen upon his arrival and after that will prepare to leave on the afternoon express for Philadelphia. He will be remembered by our citizens as one of the ablest and most popular officers ever stationed here.

CLUB NOTES.

Portsmouth Cycle Club.

The result of the Cycle Club pool tournament games on Tuesday evening was as follows: Greenwood defeated Titon 100 to 92; Greenwood defeated Whitehouse 100 to 80; Kehoe defeated Hardwood 100 to 80; Whitehouse defeated White 100 to 86; Greenwood defeated Newick 100 to 94.

Warner Club.

The whist games at the Warner club on Tuesday evening resulted as follows: Furber and Locke 20, Holmes and Oldfield 8; Furber and Locke 20, Holmes and Oldfield 7; Furber and Locke 5, Holmes and Oldfield 20; Shapleigh and Taylor 20, Young and Drake 14.

Portsmouth Athletic Club.

Only one game was played in the P. A. C. whist tournament on Tuesday evening, when Scruton and Conner defeated Smith and Vennard, 30 to 19.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

HANOVER, Feb. 27. —Another class of medical students was graduated from Dartmouth Medical college tonight, the commencement exercises being the 101st in the college's history. Dr. W. T. Smith of the medical school presided and the Rev. S. P. Leeds offered prayer. James Roderick Berwick of Lawrence, Mass., gave the oration and Burt Franklin Jenness of Bradford, Mass., delivered the valedictory. The class was marshalled by Walter C. Rowe of South Barnstead. Dr. John W. Staples of Franklin delivered the annual address before the graduates, taking for his subject "Heroism." At the close of these exercises Dr. Smith conferred the degree of M. D. upon twenty-five men including the following:

Roy V. Baketel, Manchester; Henry S. Beckford, Laconia; Fred N. Brown, Providence, R. I.; Verner L. Chesley, Manchester; John H. Degross, Manchester; George R. B. Hentzberg, Stamford, Conn.; George B. Hoyt, Thornton's Ferry; Fred E. Parker, A. B. Providence, R. I.; Harry S. Pratt, Bethlehem; Arthur J. Rowe, Walter C. Rowe, South Barnstead; Joseph W. Schereschewsky, A. B., Hanover; Maily W. Work, Peterborough.

A dual league in athletics between Brown university and Dartmouth college has been decided upon, the final step to be taken tomorrow when both student bodies will vote upon the question of ratification. When Dartmouth declined to renew membership in the tri college league with Amherst and Williams, an athletic union with Brown seemed assured, and a month of preparation has brought matters to a head.

BOBBED THE GRAVE.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes swollen, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks and am now a well man. I know they saved my life and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents per bottle, at the Globe Grocery Co.'s store.

Rev. Daniel Murphy of St. Mary's church, Dover, and formerly of this city, has had a fine summer cottage erected at Wallis Sands, Rye, adjoining the cottage and lot of Rev. Eugene M. O'Callaghan.

TEA TABLE TALK.

THE TOOL OF SILVER RUN.

When his heart snapped, all the fun slipped right out of Silver Run. He was a fool, the boys agreed. All his senses gone for good.

They'd labelled him a 'pleasure clown.' But when he died, they broke plumb down. An' cried, because his face no more would make sport at the general store.

He was the fool of Silver Run. — But when they found that he was done Anusin' 'em, they dropped a tear. Because they couldn't keep him here: His heart, they said, was always white — No matter if he wa'n't quite bright: 'He never did nobody wrong.

'He reasonin'' wa'n't over strong. The fool of Silver Run,—he's gone. An' all the sett'ement's forlorn. His simple smile an' funny drawl, That made the ranchmen grin an' bawl,— They miss 'em, an' their theate all chuckle. For think they used him for a joke. Fer he was honest, harmless, kind,— But God ferget ter stock him in ind.

Said the Lazy Man yesterday, as he sank into one chair, put his feet in another and dropped his hat and glove onto a third. "I believe the best way to get along is to simply sit still and wait for something to come to you. If it's a good thing, grab it; it's a brick, just dodge it."

John H. Oberly, one of the most unique and brilliant journalists that ever inked a pen in this state, lies critically ill at Concord, and the unfortunate People and Patriot is deprived of its clever and caustic contributions to its editorial columns.

I saw "Ed" Harrington, the manager of the Manchester opera house, in town Monday evening. He was looking smooth and quite satisfied with life. Well he may be, for he has given his city a lot of fine shows this season and has been rewarded with generous patronage.

Genial "Jim" Dodge, Manchester's city auditor, bobs up as one of the small army of candidates for the office of secretary of state. "Jim" is a perpetual prospector for position. He always comes out frankly and a "throw down" disturbs him not. Ever since he was the collector of the port of Portsmouth, a number of years ago, he has been on the lookout for still better things in the scale of political honors and wages.

There is a need of a city missionary in Portsmouth. The various local charities and churches do their best, I know, to discover and alleviate the sufferings of the poor, but we should have some sympathetic and discerning woman, like Miss Gray of Manchester, who can devote her time to hunting out the cases of distress among our population, and attend to them promptly. There is more destitution here than most people realize.

Now the playgoing women of New York are rising in revolt against the fellows who go out between the acts "to see a man," and come back chewing cloves. You know the gentle sex have to hold their hats in their laps, and when these restless chaps squeeze past them there is a risk of ruining the creations of velvet and feathers. It looks like the men would have to carry little bottles of cologne with them into the theatres, else smother their thirst till the end of the play. Will the war of the sexes never cease?

The blizzards, ship wrecks, and storms and snow slides is now turning his attention to spring freshets. He informs us that we shall have an awful flood in this month or the next. I hope that it will engulf him with the rest of us.

Portland has a real Filipino, who is one of twenty six children. At this rate, no wonder the woods of Luzon are full of 'em.

Did you ever notice the peculiarities of different people in reading their daily paper? I know one man who always looks, he first thing, to see what individuals have died or been buried. This I consider an unhealthy sentiment, and am more favorably inclined toward the fellow who hunts up the prize fights first. Others scan the weddings before they read anything else, while many turn to the weather forecast.

If the young men of Portsmouth ever commit any worse crime than that of howling two or three strings a day, they need have no fear of eternal torture in the hereafter.

The proprietor of the Portsmouth alley certainly has a clean place and, so far as I know, conducts it honestly. I hope that the friction between him and the religious folk in the neighborhood may be smoothed over. Possibly some of our church members could enliven their minds and whet their appetites by taking a throw at the pins once in a while.

I understand that some of our Portsmouth people who love first class theatricals correctly staged are to go in to Boston and see Viola Allen in "The Christian" at the Museum.

By the way, Hall Caine, the author of "The Christian," declared to an audience of his own land the other evening that America is destined to lead the whole world in every line of enterprise. Perhaps Mr. Caine has been thus happily influenced by the marvelous sales of his book in this country and our reception of the play evolved from it. Fogg

NEWINGTON.

NEWINGTON, Feb. 28th.

Rev. Francis Marsh of Boston, Mass., gave a very interesting talk on missionary work of the Congregational Sunday school and Publishing society, Sunday evening, Feb. 19th.

Mrs. William Foss of South Berwick is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Furber.

Rev. J. W. Belle, Miss Dora Pickering, Miss Hattie Pickering, and Mrs. Mary Frink and Mrs. Darin Frink attended the meeting of the Congregational club in Dover, Feb. 22nd.

The pupils of the public school gave an entertainment at the town hall Thursday evening last in honor of Washington Birthday. The hall was crowded and the children carried out the following program very well.

Song, "American Hymn" School. Recitation, Emily Geiger,

Florence Coleman. Song, "May Dance" Grammar Grades. Recitation, "An Old fashioned Boy,"

Florence Badger. Evening Song. America's Great Men, Elver Girls Song, "Just Before the Battle."

Dialogue, An Unsuccessful Humbug Beth Hoyt, Edith Badger, Amos Moody and Herbert Pickering.

Song, Florence Danue, Grammar Grades. Recitation, Our Flag, Simms Hoyt. Spring Song, School.

Recitation, The Good Old Days, Simms Frink. Song, A Little Bird, Primary Grades.

Dialogue, An Afternoon Tea, Gail Hoyt, Mabel Coleman, John Rowe and Herbert Pickering.

Recitation, A Boy's Poem, Daniel Paul. Song, Tinting Tonight, Amos Moody.

Recitation, The American Flag, Roy Brooks, Simms Hoyt and Hiram Pickering.

Song, Grammar Grades. Recitation, George Washington (original), Mary B. Hoyt.

Song, The Lady Moon, Primary Grades. Recitation, The Little Maid's Reply, Ann Frink.

Song, Washington's Grave, Gail Hoyt. Washington's Acrostic, Ten Boys.

Song, America, School.

YORK.

YORK, Feb. 28.

H. E. Evans, Esq., and his little ward, Mary Stewart, spent Monday and Tuesday in Portland.

Mr. James Taylor, who has been spending two months in Worcester, Mass., returned Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Taylor is building a fine new cottage on Railroad avenue, and the work is so near completion as to require his personal supervision.

Freeman Lewis of Kittery was in town Monday evening.

Chauncey B. Hoyt's dancing class was largely attended Monday evening, over 50 being present.

John Keene of Kittery was in town Monday evening to attend the dancing school.

Dr. Johnson of Kittery was in York Monday.

A few days ago the writer heard a prominent citizen remark "that Fogg's 'Over the Coffee' was alone worth the price of the paper."

Talk of town meeting is now heard in the clubs and stores.

Miss Lizzie Cutts of Kittery Point was the guest of Mrs. G. A. Marshall on Tuesday.

Cleated from Marshall's wharf Tuesday.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

day morning, schooner A. T. Haynes Capt. Perkins, bound for Portland for cargo of lumber for E. W. Baker, contractor.

RYE.

Mrs. Trefethen, widow of the late Wm. Trefethen, died at her late residence on Central road Saturday evening at the age of 86 years. She leaves one daughter, wife of Rev. John W. Adams. Funeral services at the Congregational church Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Oliver P. Garland went to Gloucester, Mass., Tuesday morning of last week to visit his brother, Orlando, who is seriously ill. He returned home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Sawyer left town Friday morning for Washington via New York.

Richard L. Locke accompanied Langdon B. Parsons on his annual trip to Florida. They sailed Saturday, the 25th inst.

The pupils of the Wedgewood school will give an entertainment in the town hall this Thursday evening. Homemade candy and fancy articles will be on sale after the entertainment. If the evening should be stormy, the hall be open Friday night and the entertainment given. Proceeds will be used to purchase the nucleus of a school library, and pictures to hang on the walls of the room.

James H. Perkins left town Monday morning for Canada, where he expects to purchase a car load of horses to bring home.

The Seaside council, Jr. O. U. A. M., will give an entertainment at the town hall very soon.

Mrs. Mary A. Marden and daughter Theresa of Lynn, Mass., passed a few days in town last week.

John L. Berry, who resides at Straw's point, met with quite an unpleasant accident recently. After chopping off a tall tree in the forest, it lodged against another tree and refused to fall down without assistance. Mr. Berry climbed the tree up to a distance of 50 feet and tied a rope around the tree. When he began to descend the tree fell to the ground with Mr. Berry clinging to it. He escaped without any broken bones, but was considerably shaken up by the fall.

District Deputy James Drew of Newington, visited Rye grade, Friday evening, the 24th inst. Three candidates received the first and second degrees and refreshments were served.

Rev. Edward Phillips preached at the Christian church Sunday evening.

The Ladies' Aid and Social circle of the Congregational church will meet at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ruel G. Shannon this Wednesday evening.

The annual festival given by the ladies of the Christian church on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week was a complete success notwithstanding the bad travelling. A good audience assembled both evenings and the stage entertainment was pleasing.

Miss Theresa Marden of Lynn, delighted the audience with her readings. Fred C. Smart as Otis Towsbury merited the applause given him by the audience throughout the drama "Me an Otis." This was the first appearance of Mr. Smart on the stage and it is very certain that he will be called upon again in the near future.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No. 10. Buy the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Stealing Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The selectmen of the town of Senbrook were in town today on business.

CITY BRIEFS.

A party of smart fishermen from this city went to the Bay this morning after the festive smelt.

Speaking of spring goods a fashion paper says: "Ladies wants are in great demand." We all knew that before.

Don't worry about those eggs you were going to color for Easter. The price dropped 10 cents per dozen yesterday, and is likely to drop some more.

Candidates for aldermen in ward one on the republican side are numerous and at the ward committee meeting tomorrow evening fourteen candidates will be considered.

Are Portsmouth bowlers afraid to meet the Exeter experts? It would seem so, as no answers can be got to letters proposing contests. The Exeter Dews are eager to get the Portsmouth Aguilas out of the woods to roll some big balls at them.—Exeter Gazette.

A fish dealer says that the continued cold weather has been responsible for the oyster scarcity. Advice received from the producing points contain the information that the heavy frosts and ice have touched the beds and wiped thousands of bushels have been wiped out.

KITTERY NEWS AND NOTES.

Misses Rena and Myrta Foster of Eliot were the guests of friends in town yesterday.

William L. and S. A. Jackson were in town today.

A social gathering is announced to take place at the Elbow in the near future.

John L. of Hallowell, Me., is the guest of his son, Conductor Neal of the P. K. today.

John L. of the Kittery Fish Co. shipped a large consignment of fish to New York last evening.

Peter Saxon, a well-known resident, died on Monday evening at the age of 66 years and 10 months.

Granite State Fire Insurance Company

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000.

OFFICERS:

President, FRANK JONES;
Vice President, JOHN W. SANBORN;
Secretary, ALFRED F. HOWARD;
Asst. Secretary, JOHN W. EMERY;
Treasurer, JUSTIN V. HANSCOM;
Executive Committee, FRANK JONES, JOHN W. SANBORN, CHARLES A. SINGLAIR, ALBERT WALLACE, and E. H. WINCHESTER.

G. E. PENDER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office—13 Pleasant St., Exchange Building.

Hours: 10 a. m. to 12 m., 3 to 5 p. m.

Residence—3 Merrimac St.

DUNCAN'S BIG DISCOUNT SALE.

A. F. SMITH & CO.'S POPULAR \$3.00 GOODYEAR WELT
TO BE SOLD FOR ONE WEEK AT \$2.39.

Sale Commences

Wednesday, Feb. 22 AND Wednesday, March 1.

This Sale is for the purpose of making business good in a dull month and to make room for spring stock.

Duncan's Shoe Store



THY SPIRIT WALKS WITH ME.
I know thy spirit walks with me,
Else why should I,
So often, often think of thee,
So tender and so true to me,
In days gone by?
When springtime gladness fills the
land,
In autumn year,
On misty moonlit summer night,
When winter skies with stars are
bright,
Then thou art near.
The wild bird's sweet and plaintive
note
From leafy dell,
The voice of waters soft and low,
Where pebbles strew their onward flow,
The Sabbath bell.
The glow which falls from sunset skies,
Across the sea,
The perfume borne by passing breeze,
From lightly shaken flowers, all these,
Bring thoughts of thee.
I know thy spirit walks with me,
And glad am I,
To feel that now thou knowest full
well
The love my lips refused to tell,
In days gone by.
—MARY E. ORR.

OUR DRESSMAKER.

Miss Peckitt used to come to our house to sew. She sewed my frocks and she sewed my pinafores, and sat among her tapes and pins and yard measures telling me old stories that no one else cared about, for Miss Peckitt had no relatives, and had always, as she said, kept herself to herself.
And of all her stories the one I liked best was the one about the pincushion. It was a large, heavy cushion, and I wondered why Miss Peckitt always brought it with her when she came for the day.
"It has a brick inside to keep it steady when I pin my work to it," she said, "and I carry it with me because it was the last thing my young man made for me."
"O, did you ever have a young man? Do tell me about him!"
At 10 years old one is not discreet. I suppose Miss Peckitt was not inclined to be hard on youthful indiscretion. She threaded her needle and began:
"It was when I was a young girl."
She could not have been more than 30 at this time, but to me she seemed immeasurably old, as I said:
"It's a long time ago, then," as sympathetically as I could.
"Yes," she said, "a long time. He was the son of a farmer, and we was courting ever since we was quite little things and went to Sunday school. But it was not to be."
"What happened?"
"Why, his father died, my dear, and when it came to looking into things it was found he'd borrowed money, on the land, and the interest hadn't been paid. So, then, my Willie said he'd pay the interest and all, if they'd only wait. But they wouldn't—and the old place was sold up—house and buildings and the beasts, and the land with the standing crops. They may say it's law, but it ain't justice."
She bit off her thread sharply and I said it was a shame.
"So it was—a black shame. My Willie would've paid them every penny if they'd only waited. But no; they sold the old place, and it fetched more than they looked for, and there was near \$1,000 over, and that they gave to Willie, as was only fair. And after the sale was over I saw nothing of him for two days, and then he came to me looking like a dog that the boys are after with stones."
"I'm off," says he; 'with this bit of money I'll make a fortune over in America, which is a free country, and I'll come home for you, my girl, or I'll write and you'll come to me.'
"If it was to the world's end," says I.
"Then he gave me this pincushion; it seemed a funny present, being quite plain, as you see, and it had big stitches, but sewn strong, and I almost laughed as I took it. I was glad after that I hadn't laughed, for Willie he says
"Blossom, my dear, do you know what makes it so heavy?"
"So I said, no, I didn't."
"It's a brick of the old south wall at home," says he, 'where the yellow rose is, and where the apricots fruit so free, and it's covered with a bit of silk gown my mother was married in—' it's faded, but you can see the rose sprigs on it yet. You'll keep it for my sake?"
"Well?" I asked, for Miss Peckitt had stopped abruptly.
"Well, that's all," she said, shortly; "he never came back, but I know he was true—and he would have come back if he'd been living, and the Lord's will be done," she added.
"Did you keep the piece of the old dress?" I asked, "when it wore out and you ripped it off? I should like to see it."
"I never ripped it off," she said; "I covered it with a bit of damask, meaning to show it to him fresh and bright when he come home; but I dare say it's worn out now, underneath, with all the needles and pins I've stuck in it—worn out."
Time did not stand still in our village. A bicycle factory reared its gaunt ugliness by the church, and the moss-grown well was replaced by a galvanized iron pump. The old families moved away, and new people came; smarter people, in their grimcrack way, who got their dresses made in the county town, and despised Miss Peckitt's old-fashioned patterns. I was finishing my education in France and Germany. When I came home I hardly knew it. Almost my

first visit was paid to the little white house with the green railings.
"It will do the poor thing good to see you," said my mother. "I fear she is horribly poor. She gets hardly any work now. And she won't accept anything she does not earn."
She did not know me at first, and was darning a chair that was already of a spotlessness to shame our chairs at home, when suddenly she recognized me—the shock shattered for a moment the reserve years—she threw her thin arms around my neck and kissed me—faltering an apology for the "liberty," and then sat down on the doubly dusted chair and cried piteously.
I listened to such a tale of poverty and self-denial as my young ears had never heard before. Work scarce and growing scarcer, hardly enough to live on, and to crown all, the urgent necessity of saving, for hoarding every possible penny.
"But why?"
"For my funeral, my dear," she said. "I've kept myself respectable all these years, and if the parish was to touch me I should turn in my coffin—I know I should."
"Your needle's crooked," I said, fighting with a choking feeling in my throat. "Let me thread you another."
"Dear miss," she said, "this is the only needle I've got. It's not so crooked—and a cent's a cent—and needles in penny packets isn't what they used to be. No, and I won't let you buy me even needles, miss. It's the principle I think of; I won't be beholden."
"You've got the old pincushion there, still," I said; "there must be lots of needles in that; let me empty out the sawdust and see. I'll put it all back carefully."
I think Miss Peckitt's will must have been weakened by long fasting and trouble, for she let me rip up one side of that sacred cushion and pour out the bran into that little black tea tray with the gold border. I found in that bran sixty-seven good needles, to say nothing of broken ones.
Then I began to put the bran back, and as I pushed it in to make it hard and tight I felt a hollow in the brick. There was something in it. I pulled it out.
"O, Miss Peckitt," I cried; "look what I have found in your pincushion!"
A little canvas bag—and in it several bills and a little letter.
"My Dear Blossom: This is \$250 of my money, so as you will have something if I am not lucky with the rest. You will find this when you rip off the cover. If all goes well, as please God, it will, it will pay for things for our home. Your true friend and affectionate lover.
"WILLIAM BEALE."
"Pay for things for the house? It will pay for my funeral!"
Miss Peckitt was on my mind. I had seen that the money and the words from the dead had brought her more pain than joy—and after dinner that evening I slipped on a dark cloak and ran down the quiet street to a little white house. I opened the door softly and peeped in.
There was a fire in the grate, and before it in the armchair with the patchwork cushion sat a middle-aged man. Miss Peckitt sat on his knee and her arm was around his neck. In her cheeks was the "fresh color" I had never seen there, and in her eyes the light of youth and hope.
"It's my Willie," she cried; "he's come back! O, miss, dear, to think of it—he was coming home to me, with his fortune made and the ship was wrecked, and him and the others has there—of years, she threw her thin only fetched away by a ship the other day."
I am sure they were both persons of sentiment, because they bought back the old farm, with its south wall where the apricots "fruited so free," and when they went to church Miss Peckitt wore a gown of faded silk with a rosy sprig. The cousin in Maidstone had been faithful to his trust, and there was enough of the silk that the bridegroom's mother had worn at her marriage to clothe the little bride on her wedding day.
Never Caught Napping.
There are several species of fish, reptiles and insects which never sleep during their stay in the world. Among fish it is now positively known that pike, salmon and goldfish never sleep at all. Also that there are several others of the fish family that never sleep more than a few minutes a month. There are dozens of species of flies which never indulge in slumber, and from three to five species of serpents which the naturalists have never yet been able to catch napping.
Warships in Wax.
By the admiralty's orders perfect models are made in paraffin wax of every new English battleship before it is laid down, and these models are tested in a tank at Haslar. The models are from 12 feet to 24 feet long, and the tank is 400 feet long and 20 feet wide. The models are made of wax because it is a material which does not absorb water or change its weight, so alterations can be easily made. Also the material can be melted up and used again.
The Useful Ant.
It is generally known that any small dead mammal or bird, when left near an ant hill, will ultimately be found picked clean of flesh quickly. It has been lately demonstrated that they can be made useful in the direction of skeletonizing specimens. Prof. Bernard has been employing ants as his servants. While in Florida he had a fox squirrel thus skeletonized in a single day. The only agents employed were ants.

BATTLE TELEGRAPH.

HOW A GENERAL MAY DIRECT AN ARMY CORPS IN THE FIELD.

It is now possible to string a wire from Point to Point of an Army's communications and use it for both telegraphing and telephoning.
A little war is not an unwelcome visitation from the point of view of government officials. As the British Indian government has found out during many years of border scuffles, nothing educates the soldier so thoroughly as a little real fighting. The United States does not afford the soldier, many opportunities for practical education, but the recent operations against the Arizona Indians were taken advantage of to test the utility of an important scientific invention that will aid materially the General who directs the operations of an army corps in a future battle.
By means of this apparatus, which has been perfected by Captain James Allen, of the Signal Corps, under the direction of General A. W. Greely, it will be possible to string a line of wire from point to point of an army's communications and use the same wire for both telephoning and telegraphing. General Greely has declared it



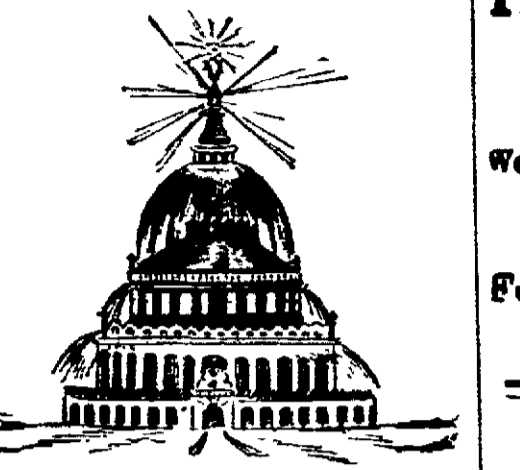
BATTLEFIELD TELEPHONE IN OPERATION.
to be the most notable scientific advance of the year, the importance of which is not confined to military work alone, but may be applied the world over.
The present field and telephone-telegraph apparatus of the Signal Corps represents the result of more than five years of experiments. General Greely, chief signal officer, secured from abroad a Charaliois system for telephonic communication in 1892. By this system oral communication was possible through uninsulated bimetallic wire laid on the ground, each end being connected by a Charaliois transmitter and receiver. The success of this so-called system was attributed by its inventor, Captain Charaliois, of the French Army, to the peculiar properties of the wire used by him.
After one trial of the Charaliois telephones they were permanently replaced by the Crown magneto telephones, owned by the Signal Corps, with resulting sound many times louder than with the Charaliois instruments.
Next a study of the bimetallic wire led to the conclusions that it did not possess any special qualities in an electric way, and it was theoretically demonstrated that as good results should follow the use of a single metal wire of the same diameter as the bimetallic, and practical test proved this to be a fact. Pure copper, silicon, bronze and other wires of the size of the bimetallic gave entirely as good results.
As the original idea was to use the uninsulated wire only for oral communication, and as, in fact, it was not possible then to otherwise use it, the problem of adapting it to the use of the Signal Corps as a part of its means of telegraphic communication was confronted.
Captain James Allen, of the Signal Corps, an expert electrician, was charged with the solution of this problem by General Greely. He replaced the magneto telephones used as transmitters substituting a carbon transmitter, with greatly improved results. These instruments were introduced into a circuit with a battery, induction coil and telegraph code and communication by Morse telegraph code attempted.
The back stroke of the diaphragm being much louder than the sound obtained when the current was sent through the magnet seemed for a time a fatal objection to the use of the instrument as part of the telegraph system. An ingenious solution of the problem was found by Captain Allen, whereby the Morse code is read as easily through the receiver as from an ordinary telegraph sounder.
Having in mind comparatively successful experiments abroad in the use of a single wire for telegraphing and telephoning, Captain Allen then began work on that line, and ingeniously surmounting the many difficulties met with in his exhaustive experiments, perfected this instrument now used by the Signal Corps.
It has been rigidly tested at distances up to 625 miles and pronounced a success in its various capacities as a "buzz," Morse, telephonic and phonograph instrument. The whole outfit weighs only sixteen pounds, including battery enough to work over any length of line that the corps would probably be called upon to operate. An operator may therefore easily carry in his hand a combination telegraph and telephone office.

LORD'S PRAYER BY BOOTH.

Now the Actor Entranced a Coterie of Diplomats in New York City.
"I think," said James O'Neill, in his talk about the Booths, "the most thrilling experience I ever passed through was in New York city one time, when quite by accident a number of foreign diplomats from Washington, a few American statesmen, some prominent New Yorkers, and one or two of us professionals were gathered together in a smoking room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when somebody asked Booth, who by the merest chance happened to be there, if he would not repeat the Lord's Prayer for the assemblage. I was sitting not far from the tragedian when he fixed his eyes upon the man who made the request. I think that it was Lord Sackville West, at that time British Minister to the United States, and I shall never forget the peculiar searching expression that Booth shot out of his dark eyes. They seemed to penetrate the very soul of the man at whom they were directed, and then, as if satisfied, resumed their wonted vacuous density.
"We were all breathless with anxiety, at least I was, for seldom would he ever recite off the stage, but at length he arose, walked to a little cleared space at one end of the room, and began a recital that even after all these years makes me thrill through and through. He said 'Our Father,' and never before had those two words been clothed with the majesty and reverence with which his look and tone enveloped them. And then he carried us into celestial regions, our spirits seeming to leave our bodies and to follow his behest; he lowered us into depths too dark for Dante's genius to conceive or Dore's pen to portray; the power exerted over us was simply unnatural. His musically resonant tones sounded slowly through the room, and as he swayed his lithe body we unconsciously followed his motion. It was something horrible, beautiful, terrible, fascinating—I can not find words in the language to express it. There are none.
"I would not go through the scene again for a thousand worlds, and yet if I had the opportunity I would brave any danger to hear it once more. Do you understand? Those few score words as delivered by Edwin Booth were the most powerful argument for Christianity that I ever heard, and could every being on the face of the globe have heard them there would no longer be atheism. Booth strode out of the room when he finished and a simultaneous sigh of relief arose, while without a word we stole away singly and on tiptoe, and I do not believe that any of us think of that thrilling evening without a shudder. He was a great man, a great man."
Woman's Way of Keeping Accounts.
A famous evangelist recently told this story of a woman's way of keeping accounts the other day: They had been married but a few months and had begun in the right way, determined to keep track of every penny and to save a little if possible. He bought her an expensive book and told her how to keep it and she faithfully scrawled her accounts every evening like the thrifty housewife that she was. One evening the young husband asked to see the book. His wife beamed with pride as he glanced at the red lines and the next array of figures. Every few days this cabalistic sign appeared, "G. K. W., 25 cents," or "G. K. W., \$1," or "G. K. W., \$2." The sums varied, but the initials were always the same and they appeared with astonishing regularity. The young husband was disturbed. "My dear," he asked, "who is this G. K. W. and why do you give him or her so much money?" The bride laughed. "Why, that isn't any one, Tom," she said. "You see at the end of every week there is always a certain sum for which I can't account, so I put down 'G. K. W.'—goodness knows what, don't you see?"
Another bride, who began keeping accounts soon after her marriage, made the following entries in her account book: "Jan. 2. Received from Bertie, \$85. Jan. 7. Spent it all."
True to His Colors.
A few years ago an Irishman, fresh from the "ould sod," secured a position as porter, messenger and man-of-all-work in a New York store. It happened to be the last day of the month, and the merchant was making out his statements.
"Here, Pat," he said at noon, "go out and post these bills. Where? Oh yes; I forgot that you were still a little green. There's a mail box on the telegraph pole at the corner. Post the bills there."
Pat soon returned and laid the bills on the merchant's desk.
"O! may be a little grane yet, sor," he said, with a cunning leer, "but be the swin slapers, O!m not postin' them bills wid a big Olrish perlice-man watchin' the box."
"Not posting them? Why not? What about the policeman?" asked the astonished merchant.
"Tho't all right, but yez'll not be foolin' me if O! am grane," Pat replied, with the same cunning leer. "Shure, didn't O! see the sign on the pole over the box—'Post no bills under penalty av the law'?"
A Lucky Parson.
In Louisville, Ky., recently a clergyman who was called upon by a friend to perform the ceremony at his wedding refused because he was in love with the girl himself. The girl overheard the statement, dismissed her betrothed and married the parson.

PARIS WATER PALACE.

To Be Built of Iron and Clothed With Rushing Water.
The superb project of Professor Jan Zawielski, architect of the Grand Theater at Cracow, by which it is proposed to enhance the splendors of the famed Paris Universal Exhibition of 1900, surpasses most other designs of decorative architecture contrived for the mere spectacle of a magnificent festivity.
It is to be constructed of iron, and to be clothed with rushing water. Indeed, the water is to form its inner walls, descending in vast sheets of unbroken liquid surface, which are completely to inclose the halls and chambers of the interior, and to form a majestic dome crowning the whole edifice. The total height will be 325 feet. This is divided horizontally into three stories, the solid framework of which exhibits different architectural orders—the Tuscan, the Renaissance and the Ionic styles, one above another. Visitors will have entrances quite free from danger of a wetting, and may ramble securely about the place, take their seats in the theater as spectators of the "Varieties," or avail themselves of the restaurant, or ride on bicycles, or join the dance at the ball. By the aid of lifts and staircases they can go anywhere, protected in some places by glass screens and drops, where needful, from even a drop of water blown aside by disturbance of the air. The surrounding waters, however, illuminated with electric light in various changing colors, will probably be the chief attraction of this wonderful palace. This palace will be more wonderful than the submarine house at Stockholm.
Clergymen Long-Lived.
The figures collated by the life insurance companies of the United States and England show that as a rule clergymen are long-lived. Physicians and scientists agree that among the elements which contribute to long life are sobriety, regular hours, outdoor exercise, some mental occupation, and, above all, serenity—the quality which qualifies one for honorary membership of a Don't Worry Club. Clergymen, perhaps, come nearer to complying with these conditions than do people in other walks of life. What is known as Nevill's table of professional men gave the following averages of the length of life in 1,000 cases taken for illustration: Physicians, 52 years; lawyers, 54; merchants, 57; teachers, 59; clergymen, 66. The average life of sailors in those countries in which accurate records are kept is 46 years, of mechanics 48, and of farmers 65, though the average for farmers is unduly high, perhaps.
Long life among clergymen is rather the rule than the exception. Cardinal Mertel (he is a Bohemian and occupies at Rome the office of Vice-Chancellor of the Sacred College) is 92; the Pope is 87. The Very Rev. Henry Liddell of Oxford who died on Jan. 19 was 87. Bishop Wilmer is 81, and Bishop Williams of Connecticut is 80. A French statistician some years ago made the discovery, corroboration of which has been afforded in the United States of late years, that persons drawing pensions live longer than those who don't. What is known among insurance men as Kasper's table gives the percentage of persons of various professions in England, who reach the age of 70 years as follows: Physicians, 24; teachers, 27; artists, 27; lawyers, 29; clerks, 32; soldiers, 32; merchants, 33; farmers, 40; clergymen, 42.
Birth of the Air of "Yankee Doodle."
After the representatives of Great Britain and the United States had nearly concluded their pacific labors at Ghent, in making the treaty of peace which ended the war of 1812, the burghers of the quaint old Dutch city determined to give an entertainment in honor of the Ministers. They determined, as a part of their programme, to perform the national airs of the two powers.
The musical director was sent to call upon the American Ministers and obtain the music of their national air. A consultation ensued, at which Bayard and Gallatin favored "Hail Columbia," while Clay, Russell and Adams wanted "Yankee Doodle."
The musical director asked if any of the gentlemen had the music. None of them had it. Then he suggested that perhaps one of them would sing or whistle the air.
"I can't," said Mr. Clay. "I never whistled or sung a tune in my life; perhaps Mr. Bayard can."
"Neither can I," answered Mr. Bayard. "Perhaps Mr. Russell can."
Mr. Russell, Mr. Gallatin, and Mr. Adams in turn confessed their lack of musical ability.
"I have it!" exclaimed Mr. Clay, and ringing the bell he summoned his body servant. "John," said he, "whistle 'Yankee Doodle' for this gentleman."
John did so, the chief musician noted down the air, and at the entertainment the Ghent Burghers' Band played the national air of the United States with variations.



THE PROPOSED WATER PALACE.
exhibits different architectural orders—the Tuscan, the Renaissance and the Ionic styles, one above another. Visitors will have entrances quite free from danger of a wetting, and may ramble securely about the place, take their seats in the theater as spectators of the "Varieties," or avail themselves of the restaurant, or ride on bicycles, or join the dance at the ball. By the aid of lifts and staircases they can go anywhere, protected in some places by glass screens and drops, where needful, from even a drop of water blown aside by disturbance of the air. The surrounding waters, however, illuminated with electric light in various changing colors, will probably be the chief attraction of this wonderful palace. This palace will be more wonderful than the submarine house at Stockholm.

PERFECTION.

A Machine Which Writes The YOST
Uses no Ribbon prints direct upon the paper.
Don't waste money fixing your type-writer often.
The Yost CANNOT get out of alignment; hence no regular expense.

The New No. 4 Yost Type-Writer
Our Stationary Pointer Saves the Eyesight.
We have Second-Hand Type-Writers for sale.
Write us if you wish your office properly equipped.
For Particulars and Information Apply at This Office.

Self-Cleaning Hand Rake
A Novelty And a Necessity.
The acme of perfection in a lawn and garden rake. You can rake for hours with this rake and dead leaves and grass cannot clog.

This is a recent patent and patent right will be sold at a bargain. Address,
D. L. P., PORTSMOUTH HERALD OFFICE,
Portsmouth, N. H.

Thousands of contented riders are enjoying new cycling pleasures which can only be had through the possession of a
COLUMBIA Bevel-Gear
Chainless Bicycle, \$125.
These riders are up-to-date. They can afford the best and will have nothing else. They consider our reputation and 21 years' experience when we tell them Bevel Gears accurately out are the most improved and best form of cycle construction.
Columbia Chain Wheels, \$75.
Hartfords, \$50. Vendettes, \$40 and 35!
W. W. McIntire, - - High St.

A GOOD SUIT OR OVERCOAT
Made to Order
—AND—
Up to Date
Prices According to Selection.
Wm. P. Walker.
Leading and Oldest Custom Tailor in Portsmouth.
Market Square.

THOMAS LOUGHLIN,
BOTTLER OF
Portsmouth Brewing Co.'s Lager, Jones' Golden Ales, and
All Kinds of Light Drinks.
Family Trade Supplied
Orders by Telephone Promptly Attended.
OFFICE AND WORKS, MAPLEWOOD AVENUE

Gray & Prime.
DELIVER
COAL
N BAGO.
No Dust No Noise
For sale by George Hill, Druggist. 111 Market St. Telephone 2.

NEW 1899
WASH DRESS FABRICS
Now Ready.
PERCALES,
GINGHAMS, PIQUES, LAWN.
LEWIS E. STAPLES,
7 Market Street.

OUR FIRST DUTY
Is to Compound Prescriptions.

We are always ready to do that; from early morning until late at night you'll find dependable service here. And when we say dependable service, we not only mean that a skilled pharmacist will prepare your medicines, but that each ingredient will be of the best quality and in perfect condition.

We are reasonable in price, too.

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TELEPHONE 55-5,
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REAL ESTATE
AND INSURANCE

32 Congress St.
WE HAVE
CANDY
At All Prices From
10 Cents a Pound Up.
Call and See Our Stock.
RALPH GREEN,
32 Congress Street.

THE HERALD.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1899.
AT THE HAMPTON BEACH STATION.

The Hampton Beach life-saving station was placed in commission on Tuesday by Superintendent Harding and the crew are now patrolling that section of the New Hampshire coast. Lieut. Worth G. Ross, inspector of the first and second life-saving districts, was here and accompanied Supt. Harding on his mission.

ANOTHER CHANGE AT THE HIGH SCHOOL.

Submaster Swertfager of the High school has tendered his resignation to the committee to take effect at once and his successor is to be J. Wesley O'Leary, B. S. of Worcester, Mass., who has arrived in the city and will begin his duties this morning.

Prof. O'Leary is a young man of ability and comes highly recommended. He has been professor of mathematics in the Worcester (Mass.) Military academy for nearly three years, or since his graduation from Dartmouth college in the class of 1896, being a classmate of Mr. Palmer, who was submaster during the fall term.

IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.

People who are troubled with any disease promoted by impure blood or a low state of the system may take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the utmost confidence that its faithful use will effect a cure. Millions take it as a spring medicine, because they know by experience it is just what the system needs.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure.

WHAT CAUSED THE LAMP POSTS TO FALL.

Some one has gone about the city with a sledge; hammer and knocked down all the old lamp posts. The citizens have been wondering how the posts became broken and in fact it was believed by many that the ones on Congress street had been run into by a team. It seems that the street department decided to remove them and a hammer was used to do the work.

MET AND ORGANIZED.

The republican town committee of Eliot met on Saturday evening and Mr. J. L. Emery was chosen chairman pro tem. and Mr. H. P. Libbey secretary pro tem.

The committee was organized with Mr. Francis Keefe as chairman and Mr. Joseph H. Dixon as secretary, and the officers will serve two years.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Today, and every day next week, out advertised agents, the Globe Grocery Co., will sell you a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, "The Best Salve in the World," and guarantee it to cure Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or money refunded.

H. E. BUCKLEN & CO., Chicago, Ill.

OBSEQUES.

The funeral of Hannah Lane Trethorn took place at two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon from the Congregational church in Rye, Rev. A. W. Mills officiating in the presence of a large gathering of relatives and friends. The floral tributes were many and beautiful. Interment was in Central cemetery by H. W. Nickerson.

OFFICIAL VISITATION.

Right Eminent Grand Scribe of Royal Arch Masons of New Hampshire Joshua Wright Hunt of Nashua, and suite, paid an official visit to Washington Chapter of Royal Arch Masons in this city on Tuesday evening. Two candidates were raised to the sublime degree of Royal Arch Masons. A banquet followed the degree work.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

Funeral services of Mr. Amos B. Carlin will be held at the Congregational church, Newington, on Thursday afternoon, at two o'clock.

A lazy liver makes a lazy man. Burdock Blood Purifiers is the natural, never failing remedy for a lazy liver.

HE ASKS \$5000
W. A. Storey Sues the Railroads For Alleged Injuries.
 In the supreme court at Manchester on Tuesday morning was begun the trial of the case of William A. Storey against the Concord and Montreal and Boston and Maine railroads. Henry E. Burnham of Manchester and Samuel W. Emery of this city appear as counsel for the plaintiff, while the railroad is represented by Oliver E. Branch and W. H. Sawyer of Concord.

Storey, who was an employee of the railroad, seeks to recover damages in the sum of \$5000 for injuries alleged to have been received by him in an accident which took place at this railroad station, Aug. 12, 1891. He claims that through the negligence of the railroad a cross-over was permitted to be used while defective; that the ties were so old and worn that the spikes pulled out the rails spread and his locomotive was wrecked. Had it not been for the company's negligence, Storey claims he should not have received the injuries to his head and spine which are alleged and claimed to be permanent.

The opening for the plaintiff was made by Mr. Emery and Storey was then put on the stand. He was the only witness examined in the morning and his cross-examination was not over when the noon recess was taken.

In the cross examination of Storey, Mr. Branch brought into use photographs of the derailed engine and a large plan of the tracks in the Portsmouth railroad yard.

Some twenty witnesses from this city were present and went up again today.

NOT HER FUNERAL.

She Probably Had Troubles of Her Own at Home.

I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am.

"I guess not."

"He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat, and the car's crowded. There are people standing up."

"That's all right."

"I haven't any time to argue the matter, ma'am. You'll have to pay for that boy."

"I never paid for him yet, and I'm not going to begin it now."

"You've got to begin doing it some time. If you haven't had to put up any fare for him you're mighty lucky, or else you don't do much traveling."

"That's all right."

"You'll pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll stop the train and put him off."

"That's all right. You put him off if you think that's the way to get anything out of me."

"You ought to know what the rules of this road are, ma'am. How old is that boy?"

"I don't know. I never saw him before. If you want a ticket for him you'd better ask that old gentleman down the aisle. He got on with him.—Philadelphia Times.

NEW STORE
 Chicago Meat Co. Opened Tuesday In More Convenient Quarters.

The Chicago Meat company which has for twelve years conducted the largest meat business in the city, next to Post office, has moved into the large refrigerator and new store erected purposefully for their large increasing business at 27 1-2 Pleasant street; next to the New Marlboro hotel. The new home of the Chicago Meat company is equipped expressly for the handling of all kinds of meats without any possible chance of damage by exposure in warm weather. There is located in the building, the largest refrigerator in the city and Mr. Christopher Smart, who is at the head of the business, intends to keep up his well earned reputation of furnishing the finest line of all kinds of meats at prices that are within reach of all.

The new store is handy for all traders and it is neat and tidy, which is always desirable in a meat store.

He opened up for business on Tuesday morning and found all his customers there during the day to congratulate him on the improvement.

A NEEDLESS SCARE.

Schooner Jennie Greenbank Not Lost But Safe in Southern Harbor.

There is no anxiety for the safety of the schooner Jenny Greenbank as some of the local papers have stated under glowing head lines. The mother of Captain Edgar Frisbie, who resides at Kittery Point, will accommodate all newspaper men with the whereabouts of the little vessel upon application.

POLICE NEWS.

More lodgers have been put up at the police station for the past few days than at any time during the winter.

The police were called upon to settle a little difficulty between a woman and her daughter, Tuesday afternoon.

Ronben Rand was gathered in by Assistant Marshal West on Tuesday afternoon. Ronben was dead drunk on the North church steps.

CITY BRIEFS.
 See now the whole world stand. And in expectation wait. While 1899 digests What 1898.
 —Exchange.
 March 1.
 Spring begins today.
 The price of eggs is still very high.
 Oranges are cheaper than apples these days.
 The maple syrup season will soon open.
 The baseball player will soon be getting into the game.
 Street crossings presented a muddy appearance yesterday.
 Today is the feast of St. David on Catholic church calendars.
 Don't let anyone make you believe that today is the 29th of February.
 The democratic caucus in ward four will be held on Thursday evening.
 The indications point to a lively time at the ward one caucus on Friday evening.
 Five feed wires have been stretched from Noble's island through Northwest street.
 The U. S. pension examining board met at Dr. A. C. Heffenger's office this morning.
 Mr. Charles Tibbets of Boston is the guest of his father, John P. Tibbets, in this city.
 Regular monthly meeting of the board of overseers of the poor this Wednesday evening.
 The "S. G." Londres is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.
 Mr. Joseph Thompson has so far recovered from his recent severe illness as to be able to leave the Cottage hospital.
 The gentlemen of the Methodist church are to give a supper in the vestry on State street this Wednesday evening.
 A big crowd from this city drove to Rye on Tuesday evening and attended the entertainment in the Rye town hall.
 Have your shoes repaired by John W. Mott, 34 Congress street. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hand sewed work a specialty.
 The local smelt fishermen are meeting with good luck and bringing home fair sized catches from Great Bay.
 A gang of caulkers were overhauling the tug Hamilton Mathes on Tuesday getting her ready for the spring business.
 Pimples, boils and humors show that the blood is impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier that money can buy.
 The city workmen cut down a decayed tree in front of the residence of Dr. Lemuel Pope, Jr., on State street on Tuesday.
 Large numbers of people visit the wharf of C. E. Walker every day to watch the operations of trying to raise the sunken barge Elmwood.
 On July next Mr. Oliver H. Locke will complete his 32d year as permanent or financial secretary of Piscataqua lodge, No. 6, I. O. O. F.
 Thomas McCue, who went on the bonds of Mrs. Lloyd, who was accused of adultery some weeks ago, surrendered her to the authorities today.
 The bills for the repeal of the nuisance and moiety laws were reported to the senate on Tuesday and are expected to pass that body today, Wednesday.
 Twenty employees of the Boston & Maine railroad from this yard, went to Manchester on Tuesday as witnesses in the suit of William Storer against the road.
 The [Herald's] advice to our citizens is to patronize the local firms doing granite and marble work, as it is certain that as good work, if not better, can be done here.
 "The Little Four" whist team of Manchester which defeated the Warwicks so badly won their second game of the series last evening by defeating the Hennikers 25 to 9.
 The sewing circle connected with the Addie F. Brinkitt council, Daughters of Liberty, is being entertained this afternoon and evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pike.
 The electric light and telephone poles were transferred from the south side of the North mill bridge on Tuesday to the north side, and were placed on a line with the trolley poles of the electric railroad.
 Mr. J. W. Walker, the civil engineer who is in charge of the new fortifications being constructed at Newcastle and Gerrish's Island, has returned from his western trip, and has taken up the work where he left off last fall. A number of men will be set to work at once.
 An order received at Fort Constitution Monday afternoon calls for the discharge of all men in Battery M, who enlisted for the war with Spain. This order effects nearly forty per cent. of the battery. A number were honorably discharged on Tuesday and more will follow today.

PERSONALS.
 Herbert B. Dow went to Concord on Tuesday morning.
 Hanson Colbeth of Farmington was in town on Tuesday.
 J. W. Hunt of Nashua was a visitor in town on Tuesday.
 Judge Calvin Page was in Boston on Tuesday on business.
 Jack Holland returned on Tuesday from a visit to Boston.
 Col. A. F. Howard has been in Concord for the past two days.
 Mrs. Ira C. Seymour, who has been seriously ill, is convalescent.
 Hon. Daniel E. Leavitt and wife were visitors in Boston on Tuesday.
 Mr. Albert E. Rand is the guest of Hon. Henry A. Yeaton in Concord.
 Sheriff John Pender was a passenger on the 8:30 train for Concord Tuesday morning.
 Judge of Probate Thomas Leavitt of Exeter was in town on Tuesday on legal business.
 Mrs. B. F. Lombard, the milliner, goes to Boston today, Wednesday, on business.
 Mrs. William H. Hill and Mrs. Charles P. Berry, were visitors in Boston on Tuesday.
 Mr. James Quinn was summoned to Manchester on Wednesday as a witness in a railroad case.
 Walter I. Swasey of Boston and H. S. Spalding from the same city were visitors here on Tuesday.
 Chairman Washington Colby of the Board of County Commissioners was here on Tuesday on business.
 The condition of Postmaster Sides remains about the same, but he was more comfortable on Tuesday evening.
 Frank Robertson, who has been the guest of friends in Kittery, returned to his studies at Harvard college on Tuesday.
 Edward Littlefield, one of the traveling assistant paymasters of the B. & M. R. R., was in town on Tuesday and paid off the depot gang.
 Miss Maud Jarvis, who has been the guest of her mother, on Islington street for the past month, returned to her duties in New York on Tuesday.
 A letter received here a day or two ago informed his many friends here that Mr. Michael R. Perkins had been quite ill in Chicago, but was improving.
 Miss Cora Clapp was given a happy surprise party at her home on Tuesday evening by some forty of her young friends. The evening was very pleasantly passed with music and games.
 Chaplain Curtis H. Dickens, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. Constellation, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Justin V. Hanscom, in town, on Tuesday evening. Mr. Dickens returns to his ship today, Wednesday.
 Vice President Herbert E. Stone the National Association of Stationary Engineers was the guest of honor at the regular meeting of Piscataqua association of this city on Tuesday evening and delivered an address in the interests of the order.

WHAT THE POET MOORE THOUGHT OF DOCTORS.

Thomas Moore, wittyest of poets, wrote:
 "I find the doctors and the sages Have differed in all climes and ages, And two in fifty scarce agree."
 Doctors do disagree about your disease, one physician telling you one thing and another, but the reason for this is plain. It is because you consult ordinary practitioners, whose time is spent among their fever patients. Such physicians have no experience in chronic cases like yours. If you wish to learn exactly what your complaint is, by all means consult a skilled specialist, a physician who makes the treatment of nervous, chronic and lingering diseases a special life work, and who therefore knows from vast experience just what your trouble is and precisely how to cure it. Why not, for instance, consult Dr. Greene of 34 Temple place, Boston, Mass., about your case? You can do so without charge or cost, either by calling or writing to him, for he gives consultation and advice absolutely free. He makes this class of disease a specialty, has seen and cured thousands of cases like yours, in fact he has the largest practice and greatest success in curing diseases of any physician in the world. His medicines also differ from those used by other doctors, for he uses no poisonous drugs, but cures his patients with harmless vegetable medicine, which, because they act in harmony with the laws of life, are always curative and strengthening. One of his medical discoveries, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, is used throughout the civilized world, and he has discovered no less wonderful cures for all forms and conditions of disease. Why not consult him at once? If you cannot call, write him all about your complaints freely, fully and in perfect confidence. It will cost you nothing to learn exactly what ails you, and his counsel and advice are sure to do you good.

OBITUARY.
 Amos B. Carlin.
 Amos B. Carlin, a respected resident of Gravelly ridge, died at his home in Newington on Tuesday morning at the age of sixty years and four months.
POLICE COURT.
 Renben Rand, who was arrested Tuesday afternoon while sleeping off a jag on the North church door steps, was arraigned before Judge Adams in police court this morning on the charge of drunkenness. Renben pleaded guilty and with the same trembling voice that has pleaded for clemency so many times before a police justice asked the court to be as lenient as possible. He was given a 60 days sentence at Brentwood and fined \$6.90 costs.

"Things Ill Gotten Are Ill Spent."

This is true of the man whose physical condition has forced him to call upon his nerves to make good the depletion of the rest of his system. The overdrawn business man is overdrawn because he lacks proper capital. The capital of the physical man is pure, wholesome, life-giving blood.

Make this capital for yourself and do not overdraw. The best blood-giving banker is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It lends and gives interest, too. You cannot beat that. If your physical bank account is low, see what this banker will do for you. It never disappoints.

Rheumatism.—A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla entirely cured my sufferings from rheumatism. Later on it stopped dyspepsia from which I suffered intensely. I can eat anything now." Wm. A. BUCKLEY, 344 Summer St., East Boston, Mass.

Scrofula.—When three months old our baby Roy was covered with itching and burning scrofula sores. The best physicians failed to relieve. Hood's Sarsaparilla saved his life as it made a permanent cure." Mrs. LILLIE M. FISH, East Springfield, Mich.

Stomach Trouble.—Two years suffering with stomach trouble made me weak, run down, with severe headaches. Life was a burden to me until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me. It makes my children strong and healthy." Mrs. M. BUCH, 611 2d St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Indigestion.—I now have a good appetite, eat well, sleep well and my dyspepsia and indigestion have left me. The reason is I took Hood's Sarsaparilla which entirely cured me. I am Baggage Master on the B. & O. Railroad." THOMAS COLES, 119 Carr St., Sandusky, Ohio.

Blood Poison.—At 12 I had bone disease and used crutches. Doctor prescribed and wanted to scrape it. My grandfather gave me Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking four bottles I threw away crutches, am well and go to school." CHARLES CAMPBELL, 1816 Ontario Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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